

# National Treasure

Robbie Williams

The car's always there at nine  
Though he's never out on time  
Night after night  
Line after line  
He'll be fine  
I suppose  
The famous Mr. Jones

He really should relax  
He's due a heart attack  
Though there's no heart to attack  
Is it an act?  
No one knows  
The naughty Mr. Jones

In a world full of weird, you're the oddest ever  
Heard you brought everyone here so much pleasure, clever  
We all know that you know you're a national treasure  
Mrs. Jones you made the best boy ever, ever  
E-V-E-R

He's careful with his weight  
Pushes food around the plate  
He can never pass as straight  
Ask his mates  
How it goes  
The careful Mr. Jones

Even his mother thinks he's odd  
He hasn't got a proper job  
But he says neither did God  
And he's the Lord  
As it goes  
The mighty Mr. Jones

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The moral of this tale  
Is when everything's for sale  
Good men seldom prevail  
They all fail  
As he knows  
The gifted Mr. Jones